



CARTOUCHE 2 Another quick, quirky fanzine from that devilish duo, Bryan Barrett and Lucy Huntzinger. Separated by destiny, they are none the less determined to continue co-editing a fanzine despite living 2,000 miles apart. Lucy is now living at 2523 Sunset Place, Nashville, TN 37212 on account of her main squeeze took a job at Vanderbilt University. Bryan continues at P.O. Box 6202, Hayward CA 94540. Contents © January 1991.

OCTOBER 17, 1989 - 5:04 p.m.

by Bryan Barrett

Where was I?

On the road, of course.

I can now say that I drove through the worst California earthquake in 83 years and lived to tell the tale.

You ever have a flat tire?

You ever have four flat tires at once?

You ever have four flat tires and drive over a cattle crossing at 35 mph?

Well, that's what it was like for me.

My first inkling that there had even been an earthquake was the drivers getting out of their cars to look at their tires. 25 Chinese Fire Drills going on all at once.

The first big aftershock came within minutes. This is where I got my first indication that it was a big one. Just sitting at an intersection waiting for the light to change, the truck started bouncing up and down like somebody was jumping on the bumper.

My first thought was - Oh, wow, man (we say that a lot in California), I wonder where the epicenter was?

My second thought was - Oh, shit, the books!

Those of you who have visited me at the Boxed Inn might be surprised if I could get my front door open after a major quake. (Even more of you would be surprised if I could tell if anything had fallen over.)

Well, my apartment is in a wood-framed building and suffered little damage. The water slopped out of the toilet bowl, a few more cracks in the carport appeared, my answering machine leaped to its doom, and now my door opens without me having to put my shoulder into it.

The only thing I lost at the apartment that was of any value (sentimental) was my toucan salt and pepper shakers.

I got home and turned on the tv. Then the real horror show began.

Most people in Southern Alameda County just didn't realize how big a quake it was. The power was only off for a few seconds and all it did was knock stuff off the shelves.

The tv revealed all. The wounded Bay Bridge. The World Series cancelled. The 880 Cypress Structure collapsing, fire in the Marina District, cracks in the San Mateo bridge closing it down, a wall falling on commuters in San Francisco. Highway 17 closed to Santa Cruz. Los Gatos wrecked.

I did what most people with a working telephone did. I used it. To use the new phrase, I networked. I networked like I've never networked before.

The tv reporting continued. It was becoming apparent that the World Series had saved a lot of people from certain injury or death. Everyone had cut out early from work. I got tired of all the death and destruction on tv and put on a video tape: The Godfather. It's rather a comforting film after a long and stressful day.

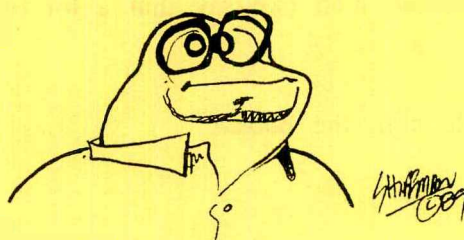
The aftershocks were frequent. Every time one hit it did awful things to your sense of well being. Rattled everything, too, or as one of my friends later noted, it knocked all of my pictures straight.

I received my only wildly panicked call at 5 a.m. from a friend in the UK who had heard about all the rioting and destruction as reported by the British press. I explained calmly that the destruction was less than what I was going to wreak on his body if he ever called me at that hour of the morning again.

I was touched by my friend's concern.

75 buildings are now unsafe to occupy in downtown Oakland, including City Hall. The old Oakland Hotel where they shot portions of *Tucker* lost its west wing. All of the newer buildings came through all right.

I knew we needed redevelopment but I didn't think we needed it this bad.



PIETRO ROSA (an opera in two American acts)

by D. Potter

Line-up -- er, cast of characters:

Pietro Rosa	First Bass
Margherida Schott, <i>owner, Rossos di Cincinnati</i>	Mezzo-soprano
Luigi ille Louse, <i>gambler</i>	Baritone
A. Bartletto Giamatti, <i>Commisione</i>	Tenor
Signora Rosa, <i>wife</i>	Soprano
Giorgio Steinbrenner, <i>owner, Ianquis da Nuovo-York</i>	Bass
Gioacchino Scrittodesporto	Croak

Various baseball players, gamblers, lawyers, spectators, sportswriters.

In the FIRST ACT, we see Pietro Rosa in a locker room removing a Philadelphia jersey and donning a Cincinnati uniform. He sings a soliloquy about the wonders of baseball's trades, mentioning Curt Flood in passing. As he leaves the locker room, various gamblers enter and sing "I Giocatore (Gamblers)" indicating that Pietro is one of their best customers. Margherida sweeps in and begs them not to inform Commisione Giamatti, and then falls into a passionate rage. She has rescued Pietro from Philadelphia and made him manager of the team and still he gambles. At the height of her ire, Commisione Giamatti enters and sings the soft and beautiful "Iale (Yale)," about the peace of an Eastern university. Pietro, mollified (not to say lulled), sings of his love for the game, for Margherida, for the Commisione. Margherida joins, and the trio leaves the stage. Scrittodesporto, a baseball writer for *Pravda*, slips in and joins the gamblers. Luigi ille Louse extricates himself from the group and flourishes papers in Scrittodesporto's face. "Evidenza," he says. "Per pubblicazione?" asks Scrittodesporto. "Si," replies Luigi. They perform a duet in honor of freedom of the press. "Pietro Rosa?" asks Scrittodesporto. "Si," replies Luigi. They perform a dirge about the public's right to know. Giamatti reenters; they surround him and Luigi hands him the papers. Suddenly the lawyers and sportswriters appear. Scrittodesporto has a fit of remorse, but it passes AS THE CURTAIN FALLS. *

* This performance is made possible by Major League Opera. Any republication, rebroadcast or other use of this opera without the express written consent of Major League Opera is prohibited.

In the SECOND ACT, we see Luigi ille Louse alone behind a baseball stadium, from which cheers and groans periodically emit. He sings "Io amo sports," about his love for great games and his concomitant wagering. Suddenly, Scrittodesporto comes running around the corner of the stadium crying "Miserere!" Luigi ille Louse inquires about Scrittodesporto's trouble. Scrittodesporto announces (when he catches his breath) "Exilo!" While Luigi is trying to make sense of this, Margherida and Giorgio enter, cross singing the famous duet "Lire lire lire." Scrittodesporto denounces them as greedy, then turns to weep. They ignore him, continuing to sing until well after they have gone offstage. Scrittodesporto, recovering, tucks his tape recorder behind his ear and explains to Luigi that Pietro Rosa has been banished from Organized Baseball for gambling. Luigi is shocked; he recalls the young Pietro (who appears on the shoulders of his teammates, who chant) as someone whose love for the game exceeded all else. He and Scrittodesporto exit as Pietro slides down from his teammates' shoulders and sings the famous aria "Correre, scivolare, trafiggere! (To run, to slide, to spike!)" in celebration of another Rosso victory. The teammates, in turn, sing "Carlito Energia (Charlie Hustle)." Pietro sees Luigi, ambles over, places a bet on a horse, and allows the team to bear him offstage (mingling the strains of "Correre" and "Carlito"). This leaves Luigi and Scrittodesporto. The latter raps out "I seen 'em come, I seen 'em go" as Luigi slowly exits. Pietro returns and Scrittodesporto conducts an interview/duet/duel. After the questions begin to be repeated ("Tax Gambling"), Giorgio enters to upbraid Scrittodesporto for writing such scabrous columns about him. Pietro laughs, pokes Giorgio, and sings the aria "Sfogliatelli," of the many little things contributing to destruction. Giorgio and Scrittodesporto depart in horror. He then sings the heartrending "Addio," about hiding from one's problems, not paying one's taxes, forcible separation from the only activity he has ever truly loved, and the destruction of his life. Scrittodesporto returns to reprise the dirge about the public's right to know, then stabs himself and dies AS THE CURTAIN FALLS. **

** It doesn't have to make sense, it's an opera.

You will note that Signora Rosa, though assigned a role, never appears. This is not an accident.

George Steinbrenner refuses to be left out of any aspect of baseball, the crumb.

Idea by Alan Bostick.

Italian words courtesy of Apollo Mathew's copy of *Mondadori's Pocket Italian-English English-Italian Dictionary*, edited by Alberto Tedeschi and Carlo Rossi Fantonetti with the assistance of Seymour Copstein, Pocket Books, New York. Other quasi-Italian phrases are made up. So there.

LOVE'S HEAVING BOSOMS

by Lucy Huntzinger

I love romance novels. Really, I do. You can't talk me out of this habit either. Shame doesn't work, or intellectual one-upsmanship. They're a constant source of reliable entertainment, though not always in the way the author intended.

It's embarrassingly easy to locate the Romance section of a bookstore. All those pink and purple covers simply scream, "Trash! Total trash! Get some now!" from across the room. I gravitate towards them immediately. Regencies are my favorites but I occasionally read the other kind, the big fat ones with three words in the title and a large-breasted woman in the arms of a steroidal hunk of manflesh. You have to skim the text to find the good ones. You sure can't tell from the covers.

On most covers, the hero is showing a manly profile while trying to kiss the heroine as she clutches him dramatically in what looks like yoga positions but might as easily be convulsions and are really just artistic ways to expose the heroine's breast and thighs. I'm awfully tired of the heroine hogging the cover. I'd rather see a sexy guy but the publishers aren't listening to me, they're trying to impress their male salespeople and distributors. Which is kind of stupid, if you think about it, because men don't buy these books at the grocery store or the airport, women do. Why aren't they trying to entice me, the buying public? Another mystery of life, I suppose. I buy the books in spite of the covers.

A very important part of a romance novel is the sex scenes. Authors just kill themselves trying to think of new ways to get my blood racing. The funniest descriptions usually involve body parts. Sometimes I don't know which body part we're talking about, the author gets so poetic. I recently read Virginia Henley's *The Pirate and the Pagan* in which the hero had thighs, arms, and other manly attractions "like marble." When aroused, his nipples became "diamond hard." Ouch! His eyes were "stained black with passion" every few pages, when they weren't "emitting green fire." This guy sounds like a hazardous waste product, not a love god.

It seems most romance novels are walking the fine line between porn and mass market entertainment. It's fun when you find someone who can manage the job with finesse. I particularly like Laura Kinsale. I'm also fond of some of the excesses of Bertrice Small, who is known as Lust's Leading Lady because of her extremely graphic sex scenes which go on for pages. It's all very tasteful, I assure you, though she is prone to touting each intimate encounter as bigger and better than anytime ever before in the known universe, upping the sex god count and lowering the credibility factor. On top of this, Bertrice is enamoured of harems which means that each heroine in each book is captured and sold into white slavery and ends up the Number One Mistress to someone named Ali or Mohamet, no matter what gyrations the author has to go through to get her there. This is kind of tedious unless you go in for the slave-to-love theme. Actually, I much prefer romances with unconsummated lust; it pumps up the dramatic tension. Which is why I like Regencies: lots of dialogue, not many body parts. Also, Regencies tend to stay in one country. The other books rush their heroines around the world so much I get jet lag.

Possibly my favorite part of a romance novel is the advertising in the back for other romance novels. If a man doesn't deliver a searing kiss, employ a warm, broad chest by crushing a heroine to it, flash a devilish gleam from name-your-colour eyes, or

vow to do something heroic to win the girl/plantation/ancestral manor back, then I figure it can't be a very good sort of book. While thumbing through the back of Henley's latest, I became enchanted by the description of *Arizona Vixen*: "Sterling Hawkins was a tormented man caught between two worlds. As a halfbreed, he was a successful businessman with a seething Indian's soul..." Wow! How'd you like to run into that guy in a stockholders' meeting?

Naturally, I figure I could write one of these books, if I had any sort of discipline. Frankly, I don't so I doubt you'll ever see my name gracing the racks but I think about it quite a lot. I particularly worry about which nom-de-plume to use and what to name the characters. The men in these books always have ridiculous names like Dylan Dartmoor, Slade Hunter, or Hawk Diamond. The women's names are even more pretentious: Satin, Ambrosia, Radiance, or Paris. I believe I shall simply name my characters Noun Noun or perhaps Verb Noun. This will save immense amounts of time pouring over the Name Your Baby books, amusing as that activity can be.

It's easy to write a romance. No, really. Here's one: Melody Harmony, a tough blonde D.A. with a soft spot for cowboys, spends her summer at the Lone Crow Dude Ranch where she meets Dirk Darko, a tall, rangy cowhand with a secret that could tear his world apart. Melody and Dirk have a fight within ten seconds of meeting each other. Little does she know that he lies awake at night, playing his harmonica to keep the memories of another blonde, who did him wrong, from disturbing his peace. His harmonica playing disturbs the other cowhands' peace and they toss him out of the cabin where he finds Melody taking an impromptu midnight bath in the icy mountain stream. He saves her from a sudden flash flood and she realizes that he is her soul mate. She knows this because Dirk Darko is a major heavyweight in the smoldering looks and kissing department. Then they have a fight again because she wants to know what is this secret that could tear his world apart and he won't tell her. So she goes off to take an impromptu ride so he can follow her on his untameable stallion Devil and save her from some other unlikely natural disaster and he realizes that she is, in fact, his soul mate, only now she's really mad at him because she is a tough D.A. and shouldn't need to be saved by a cowboy every five pages even if he does kiss up a storm.

And so on. Not hard at all. I could probably turn in that outline and get a big advance on my six-part series Montana Melody but I'm way too lazy to actually finish anything. However, this article is copyrighted so don't get any bright ideas.

Then there's the matter of the perfect pen name. Regency authors choose fake British names with y's instead of i's in them, like Phoebe Wychwood and Emyly Sonnet-Fortnyghtly, because no one would buy a Regency by someone named Tom Smert or Edna Fernhalter. Western authors get to pick out rugged, homespun names like Hattie and Mattie; mainstream types go in for vaguely uptown monikers like Francesca and Veronica and Olga. Well, Olga Bicos didn't actually change her name to anything and see? It sounds out of place. So picking the right name is very important, practically as important as sex scenes. You want to keep it in mind if you ever decide to write a romance. I'm warning you, though. They'll put some female with bazooms the size of a small refrigerator on the cover.

I'll probably buy your book anyway. I just love Love.

So! You Want To Go Piggin'!

by Charles Mochow

(The following article was contributed by a co-worker. He recently bought three pigs to help seal a pond bottom on his property. Their wallowing packs the mud watertight, a fascinating facet of pig nature, I'm sure you'll agree. Three of his friends contributed the money to purchase the pigs. Consequently, he named the pigs after them: Blythe, Linda, and Mary Jane. Charles sends a news update every week to his sponsors; thus, this report.)

Dear Fellow Pork Investors,

Well, panic is when reality collides with optimism. I'm going to try to give approximate times - you won't believe so much happened so fast.

- 5:10 pm Mali and I get in the car to keep our appointment with our pig broker on his farm. The appointment was for 5:30 but neither of us can wait. Billie Ann goes to town to get pizza for dinner. For some reason, no one wants pork.
- 5:20 pm Arrive at the farm. The pig broker says get in the truck, we'll go get them. As it turns out, they're not on this farm, or even in this county. He has a deal with an Amish family in Nunnally, Tennessee to raise pigs for him. We've got a long ride. The truck is full of flies, he reports on all of his illnesses, his religion, and all five of his kids.
- 6:15 pm We arrive at the Amish farm. A buggy shop, geese, turkeys, rabbits, ducks, horses (25 at least), and PIGS. Two Amish children are playing in the yard and two teenage boys, Donald and LeRoy, are putting up the buggy. I find out that there are 13 children and the oldest of the two boys is the settlement schoolmaster. The pig broker tells them to pick out the three largest, best pigs and they immediately go to a pen (make that sty -- we might as well use the proper terminology here). There's a lot of commotion, squealing, and pigs running back and forth, but these two keep smiling like they've got a feather in their shorts and shortly Mary Jane, then Blythe, then Linda are loaded in a long stock trailer. We visit a spell with the buggy maker; he has orders to keep him busy until 1991 and I make up my mind this is an exceptionally fine man, but am starting to wonder about my pig broker!
- 6:35 pm Going home, finally in the pig business. More reports from my pig broker: he's also in the lumber business. Mr. Hainey on Green Acres didn't have as much going as this guy.
- 7:15 pm The truck is backed up to my pond and ready to unload. The pig broker tells me he is going to hand me the pigs and I am to put them over the electric fence. He has a lot more difficulty than Donald and LeRoy but finally hands me Mary Jane by the two back legs. Let me tell you, she doesn't care for rough handling by older men. She gets quite vocal. I

put her inside the fence and she starts walking toward the nice dinner I had prepared (Purina Pig Starter, \$20/100). I notice she is way too close to the fence and it is shooting sparks into her.

Things are happening too fast! The pig broker says he can't catch the pigs so I am to get into the trailer and catch them and hand them out and *he* will set them over the fence. After a couple of retarded attempts, I have Linda's legs. She is quickly passed to the broker. I turn for my final quarry -- I'm getting into this now. At this point, the pig broker takes the opportunity to tell me Mary Jane has turned up her nose at the dinner and is going home. He expresses it more quaintly: "That pig's out and running." I come out of the trailer like a shot. Actually, I'm sliding. Pig poo-poo is extremely slick.

I follow her for half a mile before she finds herself in a fence corner. There we are, face to face, me without a rope, a car, or a fellow pig farmer at hand. What to do? I immediately decide for the relationship. I dive right on top of her. It is only a brief tussle before she submits, I get her back legs, and we start going home. After about 200 yards, I realize that I have more pig than enthusiasm. I'm not going to make this. So, I think the pig will cooperate. I put her front feet on the ground and we play wheelbarrow for about 30 feet. Pigs' front legs is kind of weak, something I find out right away. Mary Jane just quits walking on those front feet, does a sort of somersault and ends up on her back with me stepping over her. It's some kinda awkward position, you know? My arms are between my legs, my hands are full of pig ankles and that pig still wants to leave.

I spot a piece of rope, make a lasso with one hand, and set my jaw to teach the bitch to lead. Pigs is determined animals, that's something else I find out, too. She shakes that rope right off her neck but before she realizes she's loose, I decide on another relationship. BAM, I dive back on top of her. If she won't lead, maybe she'll learn to drag. I tie the rope around her waist and get to a neighbor's gate. He comes out of the house to greet me with "What the hell are you doin' with that pig?" Anyway, he lets me load her in the pickup. I'm really tired. I pick her up and kind of fall forward and we lay in the back of that pickup in sheer bliss, headed home.

8:00 pm

I'm home with Mary Jane. Blythe is still in the trailer. The pig broker has another announcement. Linda has "gone over the hill." I inquire as to who owns Linda, because when I left he still had her. He explains that in the pig business, it's how many you deliver that counts. We put Mary Jane and Blythe in the chicken house. Up to this point Blythe has been quite the model pig but now she tries to bite me. I pay the pig broker. He tells me that from now on he'll get his money before he unloads. I go in for dinner. Remember the pizza that Billie Ann went for three hours ago? Mali had worked up an appetite in my absence and there are only three slices left. Tell you the truth, I have kind of lost my appetite. I'm hot, tired, and covered with pig poo-poo. But mostly, Linda is gone. I eat the pizza and start looking in pitch dark for a pig.

8:30 pm I've got to think like a pig. If I'm tired, the pig is obviously tired, too; it's been a long day for both of us. I wouldn't walk up a hill when there's a perfectly good cool creek downhill. So I decide to look there. I have just gotten to the creek when I look uphill and see the neighbor's flashlight. I flash my light up the hill and yell, "I'm down here in the bottom!" A voice, not my neighbor's, answers. I'm going to go to dialogue now because that's the best way to describe the next 3-5 minutes.

"What the f--- are you doing in the bottom?"

"Who's that?"

"That's for me to know, who the f--- are you?"

My mind is racing. The farm behind me is owned by a Mr. Rogers, from Nashville, not the guy on tv. He has in his employ a thug who has spent hard penitentiary time for beating a guy nearly to death about 10 years ago. We've never been close but I've never excited him, either. He must have a gun. I'm dead meat over a \$50 pig named Linda!

"David?"

"Yeah, who are you?"

"Mochow."

"What the hell are you doing down there at this time of night?"

"I'm looking for a pig named Linda. I went into the pig business about 30 minutes ago and I've lost a third of my herd."

He thinks this is great fun. He is thoroughly intoxicated. He helps me hunt. The neighbors show up and help me hunt. Lights dancing all over the hillside and not one of us know how to call that pig. I really believe David knows how, he's just too drunk to get it out right.

9:15 pm We give it up. Linda's gone. I bath and scrub. I've learned several real important pig lessons. I don't really go to sleep, I more like die.

5:00 am It's still dark out at this time of the morning; I never knew that before. Billie Ann is proud of my new-found faith. She figures that must be the case, otherwise I wouldn't be so peaceful with my pig lost. I explain that it isn't faith, I'm still asleep. I'm determined to find that damned pig and catch it, if it would just stay in Dickson county. I finally decide to walk out the front door. There stands Linda. She looks beautiful in the early morning light. I make several attempts to catch her before the dog gets in on the act.

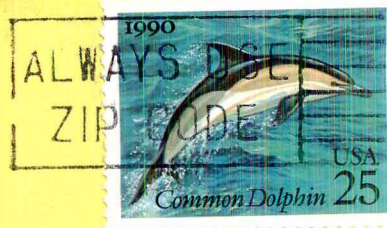
7:00 am I've built a makeshift fence using the car as a corner post. Linda decides there just isn't a future here and starts back "over the hill." Mr. Cooper, the dog, runs within about 10 feet of the pig and starts barking. Another Pig Principle. Pigs just naturally hate dogs. Linda turns around and chases Mr. Cooper back to the chicken house and my waiting fence. I make her mine. I grab her back legs and secure her in the chicken house by the time the neighbors arrive. I take another bath.

Well, now all of you are caught up on the latest news of your namesakes. Pictures should be in the next report. Here's wishing you a successful pig investment.

Your Partner, Charles

CARTOUCHE

Huntzinger/Barrett
2523 Sunset Place
Nashville TN 37212
U.S.A.



Ben Yalow
3242 Tibbett Ave.
Bronx, NY 10463